

of Jameson's next letter to his brother, Sam, written from Buluwayo on January 28, 1894 :—

' . . . I have been hoping to get back to Mashonaland every week since the disbandment. Now the result of all this Imperial manoeuvring and useless telegraphing is that I am evidently tied up here till the H.C. and Rhodes get to England in March. The whole thing has been the former's egotism and vainglory and he has to be let down lightly and gradually ; but of course that opinion must not even be thought of as coming from me. After all, though it makes a mess in Mashonaland and more bother in the future, it is perhaps as well to get the public accustomed to the fact that the country is perfectly settled and quiet, also I think I have now a fair chance of getting the King in if he does not die in the interval.'

In these anxieties Jameson is cheered by good reports from the prospectors :—

' M'Intyre has just brought in two pans with crushings from one of Willoughby's reefs—as good a show as I have ever seen ; Willoughby has now over 600 claims registered, and altogether there are well over 2000. From all the experts say, we are not going to be disappointed here in the gold. The only thing is it all takes such a devilish long time—one gets old before the results are seen.'

His old malady has been troubling him. Moreover: ' Four years of the veld continuously becomes monotonous, and the last six months with an H.C. to deal with has been most trying to temper.'

Then come speculations on the artistic future of Midge, who has settled in St. Ives and wants assegais and skins to decorate his studio: ' I think the only way to make Midge work would be to marry him to some devil of a woman with a big stick, so that she could keep him at it.'

It is plain from these letters that Jameson needed

a rest: temper and nerves were both worn. On February 17 he writes to Midge from Buluwayo that he has sent him forty assegais, a blunderbuss, a couple of skins, and half-a-dozen good skins from Palapye for the decoration of the studio at St. Ives, and he goes on:—

‘I am gradually getting things a bit shipshape here; but am still expecting trouble from the H.C. He is sending me a draft of his Government proposals this week and it is sure to be objectionable. I am rather sick of the whole thing; but have always the alternative of resigning. I don’t suppose I will, but it is comforting to know I don’t care much either way and it gives me a stronger hand. Loben I believe is dead, with a good crowd of those who fled with him into the low country. I have sent to get confirmation of this and expect to get answer in a couple of days. If not, I am going to take all our police down in that direction to clear up matters. Country perfectly quiet and mining and farming going on in all directions. Willoughby still with me and will stay till I go back to Salisbury. He is a loyal little chap and has been a great boon to me. At the end of the year whatever happens I have made up my mind for a trip home—more than five years in the veld is more than is good for any one’s digestion. . . . Write when you require money. My finances are not very brilliant, but I can always manage in case of necessity. This position is more expensive living than even my old Kimberley gambling days—a new country, I think, is made up of subscriptions, and the Administration is expected to make up the bulk. However, I am going to be miserly, stop spending capital, of which there is not much left, and really settle down to try and make some money for a rainy day,’ etc.

The negotiations dragged through the first half of 1894. On July 18, 1894, the Matabele Order in Council was at last issued. It confirmed the jurisdiction of the Company over Matabeleland, and set

forth the boundaries of the new State, now a vast country 1200 miles long by 500 broad, bordering the Transvaal on the south and the Portuguese territory on the east and west. With various aspects of this Order we shall have to deal later on. In the meantime we may say that it gave Jameson peace and his kingdom.

He had no longer to act provisionally or to expect the grudging assent or polite censure of the High Commissioner. He could order things to his own liking—at least within the narrow limits of his expenditure. And so he rode up and down the country, laying out townships, appointing magistrates and native commissioners, setting up courthouses and schools, cutting roads through the wilderness, granting lands, inspecting mines, settling tribal disputes, hearing cases, and acting generally as midwife to the State he had begotten. By May 1894 he was back in Salisbury, and if we were to make an itinerary of his journeys in these months—by ox-wagon, mule cart, and on foot—by rude tracks or in trackless country, it would show the tireless energy and undying courage of the man.

In these journeys he was frequently accompanied only by his servant, Garlick, a Wiltshire man who, in his youth, had served some time at sea—a dry, faithful, honest, matter-of-fact fellow—who has many stories of these days, when he drove the mules and the Doctor sat beside him jeering good-humouredly at his mistakes and gleefully prophesying disaster.

Once on the road to Buluwayo the mules were attacked by a pack of wild dogs. The animals plunged and reared and the cart was nearly thrown over in the wild hubbub that followed. Jameson

with his cigarette-holder in his mouth looked at the savage pack.

'Garlick,' he said, 'get down and cut out one of the mules.'

And Garlick jumped down from the driver's seat and with his knife cut the harness of a poor beast that was already being torn to pieces, and jumping up again drove on with the rest of the team while the dogs fought over their prey.

Again in the evening, on the edge of the sand veld south of Salisbury, when they were outspanning, they heard the noise of a struggle in the neighbouring bush. Creeping through the trees, they saw a lion at the throat of a fine sable antelope.

'Now, Garlick,' said the Doctor, 'you have often wanted to shoot a lion. There's your chance.'

Garlick ran to the cart for a rifle; but in his excitement, as he was returning, he fell into a hole and the gun went off.

The lion was scared and went, leaving the antelope dead on the veld. Then Garlick, bitterly disappointed, vowed that he would wait up by the kill and shoot the lion when it returned.

'Now don't be an ass,' said the Doctor, 'you know what a coward you are.'

'Yes,' said Garlick, 'I know that; but I shall take measures with myself.'

So Garlick took his station on an ant-heap within a few yards of the dead buck and bound himself firmly with a reim to a tree that grew out of the ant-hill. 'Now,' he said to himself, 'even if I want to I cannot run away.'

The stars came out and the moon rose and Garlick waited. After some hours of suspense, when the moon was already high in the heavens, Garlick heard

or saw a dusky form creeping up through the bush. Presently it came out into the open under the ant-heap, and Garlick perceived that it was a lioness. He resolved not to shoot it, but to wait for the lion.

Presently another shadowy form stole through the bushes. This time it was the lion. And now the two animals, without touching the kill, played and gambolled and made love under the moon, round the ant-hill on which Garlick stood.

Then Garlick—although he was no more a coward than most of us—began to feel physical fear. The horrid beasts were sometimes within five yards of him. Their eyes glowed like coals. He dared not shoot one for fear of the other, he could not untie the thongs with which he had bound himself; and so he waited, hung there in suspense, tied up with his own sailor-knots, not knowing what to do for what seemed to be hours and hours. Then in desperation he fired his repeating rifle thrice—into the air. The lion and lioness bounded away, and presently the Doctor came running up.

‘What a —— ass you are, Garlick!’ he said as he cut his bonds and led him back to camp. Then he gave poor Garlick a stiff whisky and sent him to bed.

Jameson must have worked amazingly in those early months of 1894. He interviewed every head man in Matabeleland from Mjan, the Commander-in-Chief whom he had defeated, downwards. In Buluwayo he had to superintend the building of a township which grew in nine months to a population of 1900 whites—with 600 of the Matabele to make bricks for the houses. He had to get rid of a lot of ‘Johannesburg lambs’ who terrorised and demoralised the community; he had to keep an eye on an

army of 2000 prospectors who wandered over Matabeleland. By the end of 1894 he had 1000 miles of made roads in the country; the Beira railway was 'through the fly' to Chimoio, and the 230 miles of road from Chimoio to Salisbury was covered by a coach service of less than two days. The 500 miles from Mafeking to Buluwayo was covered in five days by a weekly service, so that already Rhodesia had—as things were reckoned in South Africa—quick communication with east and west.

In such and other ways Dr. Jameson laboured to get his new country straight, although he felt himself, as we have seen in his letters, at the end of his tether. Then in the latter part of the year Rhodes came up from Cape Town and the two together started upon a tour through Matabeleland and Mashonaland.

Now Rhodes had invited Mr. John Hays Hammond, an American mining engineer, to report on the mining prospects of the territory, and Mr. Hammond brought startling intelligence from Johannesburg, intelligence of such moment as to give a new turn to our story.

CHAPTER XXI

ROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

'There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered.'

MR. HAMMOND came, a messenger of fate laden with the heavy destinies of these two men. He brought portentous news, ominous messages. But neither the messenger who bore them nor the two friends who received them could have felt the burden of fatality as they took their tranquil and leisurely way over the high spacious plains up there as it were on the roof of Africa. There with their wagons on the open veld, with game to shoot and with Tony to cook, under the sun, under the stars, in that uplifting air, in that new, clean, and boundless country, there was laughter, there was keen talk, there were the exhilaration of past success and the inspiration of great projects but no shadow of the impending disaster.

Mr. Hammond furnished Michell, the biographer of Rhodes, with an account of this visit, how they rode together and drove together for weeks on end, how his opinion on the minerals of the country was 'of the greatest moment to Rhodes, both for political and financial reasons,' yet how 'during the many days that we rode and drove together there was not the slightest attempt on his part to obtain from me any premature expression as to the value of the country.' Such was Rhodes's delicacy of mind;

but Mr. Hammond also has his reticence, for he does not mention the one great subject upon which these three certainly *did* talk. We hear of it, however, from Jameson, who said, long afterwards, to a certain Select Committee: 'At the end of 1893, shortly after the conclusion of the Matabele War, I had many conversations with Mr. Rhodes on the subject of the Federation of South Africa, and the obstacles presented to this by the attitude of the South African Republic.' And Jameson adds that while they were still discussing this problem, 'about the middle of 1894,' John Hays Hammond came up to Matabeleland with a very important contribution to the debate. 'Unless a radical change was made,' Mr. Hammond told them, 'there would be a rising of the people of Johannesburg.' As a fact he came up to them because by this time it was obvious that there were only two men who mattered.

Here, again, we might almost reconstruct the talk not between two this time but between three. The scene, of course, is different, no longer the tin bungalow in Kimberley, but the velvety sky with the Southern Cross hung like a jewel above, a roaring camp-fire, throwing dramatic gleams and shadows strange as their own fates on and around the three figures before it, behind them Tony, the mules, and the wagons, and the stillness beyond broken now and then by the nightmare laugh of a hyena or the roar of a prowling lion, mockeries and threats from the darkness.

Two of the men are the same, and yet different; Jameson, with success behind him, more ardent, more impatient, more swift even than before in leaping to his conclusions, and Rhodes now no longer urging but restraining, well aware of the

profound deeps of the subject which the others discussed more lightly. And the engineer, incisive and accurate in his report of the situation down there, with an American contempt for those voortrekking Doppers—slow as the Pennsylvania Dutch—those sleepy, obstinate, hostile, suspicious, cunning, and malevolent people who bothered them, who got in their way, who obstructed them, who were trying to prevent them making a really great country of it.

Rhodes did not quite feel like that. No, one knew Kruger; he had his hobby, his game, one had played against him, one respected him. One liked those Boers; one had one's friends among them. But what was the news? One wanted to know everything. One really must know all about it, before even trying to decide.

Well, the news was serious. Rhodes and Jameson knew very well that it was impossible for the mining industry to work with Kruger. It had been obvious as far back at least as 1890 when Kruger had visited Johannesburg and had refused to give the people what they wanted—railway communication with the South—and the Transvaal flag had been torn down and trampled underfoot. . . . Yes, of course, one knew all that.

The quarrel had simmered on. The Uitlanders had a right to the vote; they paid nearly all the taxes. In America, and *now* in England—that made the little row between us, you remember—here Rhodes made a grimace—it was a fundamental principle: no taxation without representation.

They might skip all that: the Uitlanders had been to Kruger, had been to the Volksraad, a dozen times—deputations, monster petitions, and all the rest of it. And how had they been received? Rhodes

knew perfectly. The papers were full of it. With insults and threats—told to go to hell, that's what it came to. Something to make the blood of an Anglo-Saxon boil in his veins.

The industry had been depressed: admitted the slump had something to do with it. But then Kruger had had something to do with the slump. Think of the dynamite monopoly, the corruption, the inefficiency, those Hollanders. . . .

Yes, the Rand had contrived to rub along; but recently things had become quite intolerable. Men without votes—bank-clerks, young engineers, necessary people—Kruger takes 'em up out on commando against some Kafir chief who would not pay his taxes, somewhere away up in the northern Transvaal. Think of it! They had had to provide their own rifles and horses and to go away and fight in a quarrel of which they knew nothing—except that they were treated as the Kafir was treated—paying taxes without votes!

Of course there had been a row—a terrific row. Rifle clubs, secret societies, plots to capture the President and blow up public buildings, mass meetings, telegrams to the Colonial Office, and so forth—all the signs of revolution. The High Commissioner had come up to Pretoria. There had been wild scenes—unfortunate scenes. The President had been—unintentionally—insulted. The open carriage—with Loch inside, had been dragged along from the railway station to the hotel by a British crowd singing 'God Save the Queen' and 'Rule, Britannia!' One enthusiastic ass on the box, waving a Union Jack, had let the folds of the flag fall over the President behind him. Kruger in his irritation had struck the flag with his stick, or so it was said. All

very unfortunate, comically unfortunate. Oom Paul had been left in his horseless carriage, while the British deputation trooped to the hotel to present their address to the High Commissioner, who had just saved the situation by calling for three cheers for the President.

The High Commissioner refused to go to Johannesburg fearing trouble, but he had said the most significant things to the Johannesburg members of the deputation. He had actually asked them what arms they possessed.

All Johannesburg was buzzing with it. The High Commissioner had even told one of them that if there had been enough rifles and ammunition he would certainly have come over; that he had prolonged the Swazie agreement for six months, that he supposed in that time Johannesburg would be better prepared. The British Government, evidently, were prepared to interfere—actively.¹

We cannot say, of course, that Mr. Hammond actually told Rhodes and Jameson all this; but it is certain that these events were at that time the talk of South Africa. Sir Henry Loch had arrived in Pretoria on June 24, just in time, as he reported to Lord Ripon, to avert a revolution, and as the visit of Mr. Hammond to Rhodesia followed close on that date, we may take it that the story was told and debated, and every incident weighed in the scales of these three acute intellects, round the camp-fire.

We believe also—so Rhodes long afterwards con-

¹ Such and other phrases alleged to have been used by the High Commissioner gained wide currency at the time, and are still repeated when the tale is told. Sir Henry Loch was no doubt misunderstood. His intention was, as he afterwards explained, to warn Johannesburg against any resort to violence. See Lord Loch's statement in the House of Lords, May 1, 1896, and his letter to the Press.

fided to another round another camp-fire—that Mr. Hammond not only opened out the case of the Uitlanders to Rhodes and Jameson, there in Matabeleland, but said that they were resolved upon a change of government by force if persuasion failed, and asked Rhodes if he was prepared to help them.

It is certain that both Rhodes and Jameson sympathised heartily with the Uitlanders. Jameson was still by paternal tradition a Liberal in politics. Sir Henry Loch served a Liberal Government: his attitude was in accord with the Liberal tradition—no taxation without representation. Jameson was all for progress, all for development, and he had no patience with Kruger and Krugerism. As for Rhodes, he was himself a miner. He had been up there from the earliest days. *Qua* the Transvaal, as he would have said, what better right had Kruger in that country than he had himself. Kruger had trekked into it as a lad from Richmond in the Cape Colony. Rhodes also as a lad had trekked into it, and as a young man he had pegged out his claims in the Witwatersrand. The Boer Government, overdrawn at the bank, on the verge of bankruptcy, had begged the miners to come in and save them. And the miners had been as good as their word—they had saved the State from bankruptcy. They had made the Transvaal a rich and prosperous country. The farmers themselves, whose land had not been worth sixpence an acre, owed almost everything to the mining industry. Rhodes, with this experience, could hardly be unsympathetic.

Yet what was to the mining engineer a grievance of the miners and the people of Johannesburg, what was to Jameson an appropriate subject for one of his swift surgical operations, was to Rhodes some-

thing very much more, much deeper, much older. It involved nothing less than the future of all South Africa, and the long, long thoughts of his youth.

And so we may imagine him advising caution, suggesting delay. One disliked short cuts, one rather distrusted violence, although of course Jameson rather bowled one out there with his feats of arms. One had been working on this question for years—ever since 1881. Kruger had his hobby: one respected Kruger. He wanted a Republican South Africa. It was really a fight between two ideas. It was like the amalgamation of the diamond mines. One had to hold what the other man wanted. One had to hold the balance of the map. Jameson had heard all that. The Doctor was nowise backward in saying that he had. Of course he had; but that was no reason why he should not hear it all over again. Why, the only way to carry one's point was to repeat the same thing over and over again. Then people understood. Railways were also important. One had tried to unite South Africa by railways. One had failed so far, but one was still hammering at it.

Here Jameson was likely to interrupt with—What about Delagoa Bay?

And Rhodes would probably reply as he trusted these two men: Well, one was still trying to buy Delagoa Bay; but one must not say much about that; it was difficult to buy a thing so obviously rising in value! One had, however, suggested a globular sum.

And if these encircling manoeuvres failed, what then?

One did not like to contemplate the alternative.

One had one's friends . . . Jan, and all his people. One was not like Hammond ; one was not impatient with the Dutch ; one worked with them.

Here Mr. Hammond might possibly have said that *his* friends intended to go on : that they despaired of concessions from Kruger : that they might form an alliance with the more enlightened and progressive Dutch in the Transvaal ; and with their help create a new and strong and efficient Republic.

If the visitor made such an observation, Rhodes must have pondered over it—must have grimaced afresh—not at all liking the prospect. He was by genius and experience all against short cuts. A few months before he had said that Union was a thing to be brought about gradually—‘step by step, in accordance with the feeling and sentiment of the people as a whole.’ ‘Never hurry and hasten in anything,’ he had said ; ‘it took me twenty years to amalgamate the diamond mines.’

One had one's plan. One would say to the Transvaal : *You* want land, well *I* have the North and West. *You* want a market, well *here* are the Cape Colony and Rhodesia. *You* want communications, well *here* is the Cape railway system. *You* want a South African State, well *here* are the self-governing colonies ; their yoke is easy and their burden is light ; together they are much bigger than you are, and as they are a part of the British Empire, if you want all these things you must also become a part of it. Amalgamate !

But there was this Delagoa Bay railway, and this other danger of a strong Republican party arising in Johannesburg and combining with the progressive Boers. Then the balance might be altered. A powerful Republic with the gold of Witwatersrand,

its lure of trade, its own railway system, would be, *qua* Republic, far more formidable than Kruger's obscurantism. It might hold the balance; it might draw the Colonies into its orbit; all South Africa might join such a Republic.

So Rhodes, balancing and testing once more, elephant-wise, these considerations, remained undecided. He asked for time. One must go to Johannesburg and see how things really stood. Jameson might go into that, and let one know. One must keep in touch with this Reform movement in case one's own plans failed.

And so these camp-fire conferences ended, upon a note of hesitation, a stipulation of delay.

END OF VOL. I.



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